

Billy Hargrove Cancels A Date by ahlisa

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Summary:

Billy gives his date a heads up before going off to find Max.

Billy Hargrove Cancels A Date

It's devastatingly tempting to screw the stupid step-sister hunt and go ahead with the date anyway. There's only one car in the driveway when he pulls up to his date's house, and from the front porch window he can see the place's sole occupant toweling off, fresh out of the shower. Hot date aside, it's also just a goddamn waste of good cologne and gel. He's basically wasted some pretty pricey shit on a night full of scuttling off from house to house asking dog-faced grandmas and wrinkly parents if they've seen his shitstain step-sister like some kind of boyscout. It's a waste of his cologne, waste of his money, waste of gas, waste of time.

His date answers the door still wiping off some shower water. He admires some of the drops that got missed, the goosebumped skin, the fresh scent of soap and shampoo. At least he can enjoy this. "Evening, Wilkins."

"You're early," Sam Wilkins comments, eyeing him curiously.

Billy raises his eyebrows. He had been under the impression that he was late; had expected something more along the lines of, 'Where the hell have you been, asshole? I've been waiting for hours!'

"Wait... Oh, shit, it's late. I didn't even..." Sam at least has the courtesy to look embarrassed about it. "Sorry. Uh. Wow, you...really dressed up."

And now he's annoyed. "Yeah, well. Doesn't matter, anyway. Date's canceled."

Sam blinks. "Date?"

And now he's *really* annoyed. "Yeah, date. What did you think this was? A study session? You told me your parents wouldn't be home all weekend."

"Yeah? They're on vacation." At Billy's look: "Oh. *Oh* . Holy...crap, no, I didn't mean it like... I mean, we're both--"

“Guys?” Billy crowds the doorway, hovers, thrusts his chest out like some cheesy romance novel cover because goddamn if he isn’t going to get his money’s worth out of that spritz. To his credit, he does manage to make Sam stare a little. “Doesn’t seem like you mind.”

Billy takes some satisfaction from the hardcore blush going on right now, but only some. Sam tries to shove him away, but it’s a pretty weak tap. “Quit messing around, asshole.”

“I’m not.”

“Well, anyway--”

“Cool night, huh?”

Sam covers his chest and glares. “-- Anyway , what happened? You wouldn’t have come all the way here just to tell me if there wasn’t something going on.”

His smirk slides right off. He sighs. “My step-sister. She ran away or something. My dad’s making me look for her.”

He really hates the look of concern on this guy’s face right now. Where was *that* look when Billy told him their date was canceled five seconds ago? “Oh no, is she okay?”

Billy shrugs. “Yeah, she’s fine. She’s probably just hanging out with those losers again.”

“Then...can’t you just find her and swing by afterward?”

“Would if I could, but... Can’t. Dad’s expecting me to march straight home and go to bed.”

Sam frowns. “What? Why?”

“Because that’s how it is,” Billy replies shortly. Sam clamps up and wisely chooses not to pry. “Okay? So. The date’s canceled.”

And there it finally is: a look of disappointment. “Alright... Well, do you need any help looking for her?”

Billy grins. "Looking for excuses to spend time with me?" Before Sam can react to that, Billy leans back out and cracks his neck. "It's fine. I've got it. You just stay home with your gay crisis and get back to me when you wanna fuck."

Unfortunately by now Sam seems to have decided that Billy really is just messing with him, because he rolls his eyes and prepares to shut the door on him. "Fuck off. We can try again tomorrow. One more failed test and you're gonna get kicked off the team, you know."

"Yeah, yeah." And then, because Billy really does want to mess with him one last time, he leans in and steals a quick kiss. It's pretty unpleasant--dry, chapped, tastes like some fucking leftover fish or something, wow this asshole really didn't think it was a date--but the look of pure shock and embarrassment is well worth the trouble. "G'night." He winks.

Sam slams the door in his face.

Author's Note:

this is so self-indulgent lol i just really like the jock/
nerd dynamic ok